

Good Morning 519

The Daily Paper of the Submarine Branch
With the co-operation of Office of Admiral (Submarines)



No. 26 Greets E.R.A. Charles McKeown

If we tell you that the mystery man hasn't sent any postcards recently, you will know we have been to your course; in fact, he's becoming quite a big shot in the lumber business. All is well at 26 Nansen Street, Belfast, and your aunt and uncle and cousins are missing you quite a lot.

Do you remember Alec and Jack? They were both asking after you recently. They hope you might drop them a line or two one day.

And young Steve, of course, often asks about you. He takes what scanty pieces of news they get about you down to your pre-war colleagues.

Your aunt told us that your interests centre mostly around Celtic Bar. Remember it? Everything is shipshape there

get the Ulster Saturday Night each week?

Pat Quinn was at the Ulster Hall the night before we called. He chalked up some great achievements in the United States, and looks like making quite a name over here now.

There was some confusion about the Christmas mail at home, Charles, but they are hoping you will get their greetings in time. Anyway, we close your home story with fondest wishes from all, and we join them in wishing you a very Happy New Year.

P.S.—We had a pint at the

Celtic Bar. Remember it? Everything is shipshape there

and there is another member of the family now; did you know about young Harry? He's quite a boy, considering he hasn't reached his first half-year yet.

Lily and Margaret, as you probably know, are working for the Admiralty as secretaries. They like the work and are quite happy except for the dancing.

"CITY SPECIAL" AWAITS A.B. Len Edwards

IT was a typically English autumn evening when we called at the home of A.B. Len Edwards at 3 Barley Mount, Red Hills, on the outskirts of Exeter.

A chill breeze was blowing, and we were delighted with the welcome from Mrs. Edwards, a real mother in a real home, Len. A bright fire was burning in the sitting-room, and whom do you think we found there? Yes! It was Kathleen (Miss K. Bean, of 25 Newman Road, St. Thomas, Exeter) paying one of her frequent visits to your mother and chatting about the future—your future mostly, it seemed.

Pat was there, too (Mrs. Pat Brown) from just over the way, Len's married sister, having an afternoon off from her work and seeing if Mum wanted anything from the shops.

Dad was "at the dogs," Mrs. Edwards told us, enjoying a week-end off from helping to repair the buzz-bombed houses in a badly hit area south of London. He's an ex-Royal Navy regular himself, and served in Q-boats during the last war.

There is another very im-



portant member of the family we haven't mentioned yet—"Jock," the two-year-old Scottie dog. A favourite of yours, Len, we understand. He's in fine trim, and was very much in evidence during our visit until the moment came to take the photo-

graph. He suddenly remembered "a mother appointment," but was back in time to wag his tail in farewell and to join in the messages to you from all at home.

Mrs. Edwards said, "Hurry home, Len. I'm saving a bottle of 'City Special' for you!"

(You know what that is, eh Len?) Pat sends her "Best love and hope to see you soon" —then, just as we were leaving, we heard the final message, quietly spoken and rather shy —"Keep your chin up, Len; I'm still waiting." It was Kath speaking.

This must be a submariners' neighbourhood! And everybody here is now closely watching the news from out East.

Meanwhile, you should be getting quite a big budget of letters from your wife each time you return from patrol. Your own have been arriving each month, but actually Mrs. Musselwhite had not had one

Okay, it's Mrs. Winchell's Boy Walter

"WALTER WINCHELL says . . ."

Thousands of times every day ordinary citizens of the United States quote their number-one newspaper columnist.

Yet but fifteen years ago "Mrs. Winchell's boy Walter," as the writer often calls himself, was anything but well known.

Winchell, born in New York in the winter of 1897, son of poor Jewish parents, decided on his 13th birthday that he was going to become a first-class dancer. He did go on the stage, and for many years toured the various halls of the United States, earning a salary averaging 15 dollars a week.

In his heart, however, Walter Winchell secretly pursued an ambition to become a first-class journalist.

From his savings he bought for himself a small second-hand typewriter, and during the course of his tours began to develop a typewritten sheet called "The Daily Newsance."

This sheet, which was the forerunner of his now world-famous column, told the "inside story" of things that stage folk liked to know about—Divorces, forthcoming births, and other tit-bits; also guidance as to the best hotels for "pros" to stay during the course of their engagements from theatre to theatre.

Very soon the fame of Walter Winchell, not as a dancer, but as a writer, began to circulate around Broadway.

The editor of "Vaudeville News" read Winchell's efforts with interest and in 1922 offered him a job at £6 6s. 0d. a week. Winchell accepted.

From dawn till the early

hours of the following morning "Glamourzon," are but three words he invented. They used to say he had two hours' sleep in twenty-four. It was probably right.

Anyway, by going places and doing things, Walter Winchell, in the space of a few years, his column and radio programme is often given by the people concerned or someone who is out to give Walter some help in the belief that they themselves may one day need his assistance.

Walter Winchell, as I said earlier, is not afraid to speak his mind, but he has rarely been in any libel suits. The reason is that Walter phrases his column in language that gives few people room for action.

Only once has he been "set on." That was a Christmas, 1935, when two unidentified men knocked out one of his teeth. Winchell swears that they were Nazi agents annoyed because he had said outspoken things about Hitler.

Apart from his work, Winchell's great delight is mixing with the police. His close friend is J. Edgar Hoover, chief of the G-Men, and Winchell often speeds through the darkened New York streets at night, the siren on his car piercing the silence, as he goes to the scene of a crime.

"It's my only fun," says "Whoopee," "Okay" and Walter.

WIN IS WATCHING for E.R.A. T. Musselwhite

IN the heart of one of Portsmouth's blitzed areas lives another devastated district.

(Mrs. Winifred Musselwhite,

wife of E.R.A. T. Musselwhite.

Her former home at Union Place, Landport, is now part of an open space. To find her at 20 Herbert Terrace, where she is staying with her mother and

father, we had to pass through another devastated district.

Mrs. Musselwhite, however,

in spite of being in the danger zone all the time, fortunately passed through all the bombing unscathed. To-day, she and her neighbours are happy in the knowledge that the lads who drove the Huns out of France have now left Pompey well behind the front line.

After the war, new dwellings will spring up in the devastated areas, for Portsmouth is being re-planned on the lines of "the City Beautiful."

So, E.R.A. Musselwhite, there should be something to look forward to when you come home. We hope you will be able to see Pompey develop into a new city.

Sorry to hear that you have had so little time to spend with your wife since your marriage five years ago, but we trust the end of the war will not be far off now.

By the way, your wife tells us that she knows Mrs. Conroy for two months when we called. So we pass on to you her message that she would like to get a few more.

Good luck! And may the words fly!



We ALWAYS write to you, if you write first to "Good Morning," c/o Press Division, Admiralty, London, S.W.1

'STOP' and 'GO' PILLS LEAVE NO TRACE

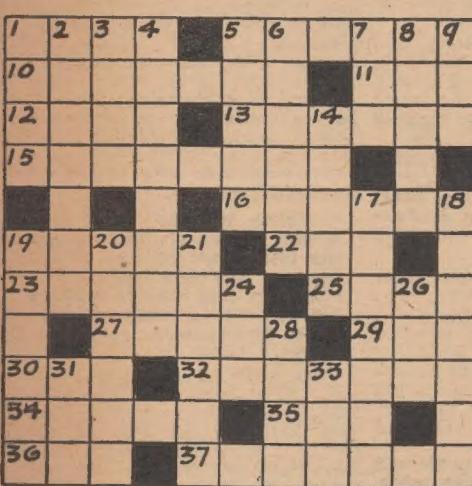
WHAT is the difference between a dog track with an N.G.R.C. licence and a track that hasn't one?

There are crooks in every game, but I fancy you are more likely to be cheated on unlicensed tracks than on tracks which have clearly satisfied the authorities that they are honestly and efficiently run.

Many pirate tracks are, of course, innocent, and yet rogues all too often can fleece the crowds. The prime racket goes into one word—interference!

I remember when Lady's Pal died from an attack of pneumonia. People wondered why such a strong, healthy animal should have a sudden fatal illness.

CROSSWORD CORNER



1. Food. 2. Agile performer. 3. Demonstrate. 4. Cushy job. 5. Benefit. 6. Popular game. 7. Doctrine. 8. Cosmetic. 9. Printers' measures. 14. Eskimo's hut. 17. Rotary motor. 18. Arid. 19. Sacred songs. 20. Forgiveness. 21. Approach. 24. Wheel centre. 26. Procure. 29. Habituation. 31. Debt acknowledgment. 33. By this time.

CLUES ACROSS

1 Fish. 5 Dress. 10 Perform. 11 Boy. 12 Metal. 13 Bitterness. 15 High. 16 Sang rhythmically. 19 New Guinea. 20 Gulf. 22 Small coin. 23 Corn food. 25 Wild revel. 27 Happen again. 29 Scottish mountain. 30 Cover. 32 Vulcanite. 34 Uncultivated ground. 35 Weight. 36 Luminary. 37 Long pins.

FRESH WARM RADII LOOP ICING ELUDE SET GAG TIN K HEEL LEFT CADORE Y BOAR NUTS G ROB PEG THE ALIBI GRAIN WIDE BEAGLE NEEDY DWELT

CLUES DOWN

The truth came out when a flooring of two of the starting kennel employee admitted that traps he had been bribed to administer strychnine and another chemical to Lady's Pal.

The plot was that he should "super-charge" the dog like a racing car. Instead, he slipped up, and gave an overdose.

One racketeer owner was trapped because the authorities discovered that he worked at an armaments plant and had access to gelignite.

The explosive, rubbed into a greyhound's forehead, slows it down, and the racketeer bribed kennel boys to "treat" the rival dogs.

A tiny morsel of chewing-gum placed between a dog's toes will efficiently take the edge off his pace and ensure his losing.

There are "Stop" and "Go" pills that leave no trace forty seconds after administration. Not long ago, a first-class scandal broke when it was found that a backer was managing to have four dogs out of every six drugged at a small provincial track.

Buying double forecast tickets at the Tote, which cost 2s. a time, and often return odds of 100-1, he was turning £10 into £1,000 with every thirty-second race.

Then there was the nobbling trick that worked, at least for the first time, at a Yorkshire track. The sharp points of wire nails were thrust through the

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WANGLING HOW'S TRICKS?

WORDS — 458

1. Insert consonants in *E**O* and *I*I*IA* and get two colours.

2. In the following four animals the same number stands for the same letter throughout. What are they? 24468, S4234, 538467, 537D8199.

3. Here are two precious stones whose syllables, and the letters in them, have been shuffled. What are they?

SOIQUELY — RUTERB

Answers to Wangling Words — No. 457

1. PUCE, MAGENTA.
2. RICHARD — WILLIAM.
3. Bustard, Bittern, Pochard, Parrot.

JANE



RUGGLES



GARTH



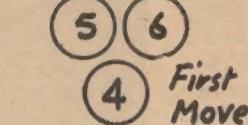
JUST JAKE



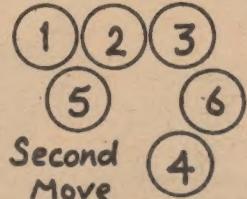
Start



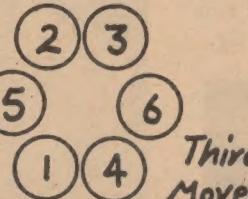
FIG 1



First Move



Second Move



Third Move



FIG 2

when placed back MUST TOUCH TWO COINS.

When repeating the trick, place the coins as in Figure 2; this will confuse your friends. The moves are the same, only opposite; thus you would move No. 6 No. 5 and No. 3.

BLOW YOUR TRUMPET

BUT for the British people civilisation would have finished long since. In the long history of mankind there has never been a better record of government of peoples than that of the British Empire. People should always remember that the United States was founded by the English. Lord Bennett.

QUIZ for today

1. A battal is a carriage, crustacean, a box in which a ship's compass is kept, a small quantity?

2. What is the common name for the flower known as St. Patrick's Cabbage?

3. What is the double saw used to cut the teeth of combs called?

4. Does the River Jordan flow from North to South, or from South to North?

5. If somebody gave you a spitchcock for dinner, what would you be eating?

Answers to Quiz in No. 518

1. Surgeon's knife.
2. Royal Albert Hall, London.
3. Lamprey.
4. Osiers (long willow twigs).
5. Sit on it — it is a sofa.
6. Tissue, Cachou, Askew, Purlieu, Gnu.

4. If we call brothers nieces, mothers uncles, and sons grandfathers, what relation is my niece's grandfather's uncle to me, and what relation am I to my uncle's niece's grandfather? (Answers in No. 520)

Answers to Test No. 41

1. Beach (Beech).
2. Cape has no sleeves; others have.
3. Green shirt. (Green is opposite to red, and the garments are put on in the same order in each case.)

4. Sam was thinking of a pub situated between a yard and the village pound, the public bar being right by the pound. Bill recollects a village stores some Birmingham to London at the side of which were an avairy (with many poles and London to Birmingham trains perches), a milestone and a water-barrel.

IN THE CAN

IT'S much too easy, claims a top Hollywood cameraman, to film such dazzling loveliness of the Rita Hayworth or Janet Blair type.

Joseph Walker, Columbia's ace lenser, is frank on the subject. He says, "Beauty is as easy to photograph as it is to look at."

One would think that the opportunity to stand behind a camera and register such pulchritude on film would be the ideal job.

But not for Walker, who prefers "shooting" pictures starring character men and women. And he arrives at this decision after many years of registering on celluloid the faces of screendom's most beautiful women.

He has no grudge against these ravishing charmers. Don't misunderstand him. It's just that filming character stars presents him with a professional problem he delights in tackling.

Said Walker, "There isn't much one can or needs to do to enhance the appearance of Rita or Janet. Nature has done a first-rate job, and in such cases a cameraman's duty is limited to reflecting lovely women just as they are."

"With Paul Muni or Edward G. Robinson a cameraman has a freer hand. He can delve into more light and shadow to bring out mood and drama."

Walker pointed out that many famous painters, including Rembrandt, preferred character types.

There's no question that there's a world of difference between Edward G. Robinson in real life and as "Mr. Winkle" in the picture. That's the kind of problem Walker likes to have and to work out, using his camera to transform such a character on the screen.

Walker said, "In 'Mr. Winkle Goes to War' I get the chance to record a great physical and spiritual transformation within a single role. With an actor of Robinson's ability enacting the part it is possible to show the subtle changes of facial expressions and moods as the story unfolds."

By expert use of the camera, Walker can point up a comedy situation or a dramatic one. He's given this opportunity in the Robinson picture to the greatest extent, as the star's role ranges from broad humour to stirring drama.

Dick Gordon

CENSOR RINGS THE BELL

"CIGAR or nuts, sir?" All students of the art of censorship will agree that our painstaking friend has achieved a little masterpiece in this, his latest, effort.

Three wise men of Gotham Went to — in a bowl. If the bowl had been stronger, My song had been longer.

No comment is necessary. Only a pompous ass would try to glid the lily.

Good Morning

HER MAJESTY, THE QUEEN OF SARONG

"A gal must be careful of the impression she creates," laughed Paramount's Dorothy Lamour, as she slyly spread a towel before posing on the rough matting.

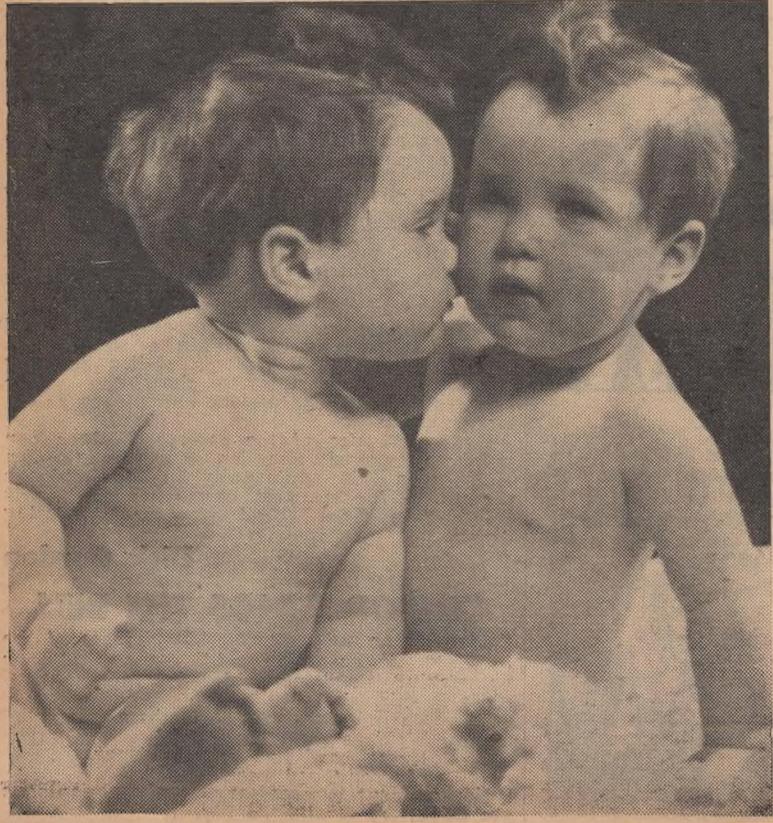


"And another thing, bozo. Lay off my dame if you want to keep your health 'n strength."

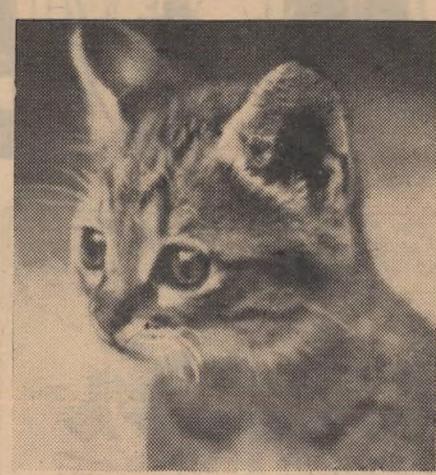
"It wasn't me, my dear fellow, I assure you. An excusable case of mistaken identity." *



"IT'S OURS, ALL OURS!" The towering Snowdon mountains form a fitting backcloth to this strip of wild Welsh coast. Harlech Castle can be seen on the right. Another National Trust purchase.



"Some of the dogs at the club have been talking about these flying lamp posts."



"Just like dogs, always putting their own convenience first."

OUR CAT SIGNS OFF

"What a cheek she's got!"

